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points, or any resemblance to the name of Fairy, Elf, Goblin, in your language? I should think, that these popular superstitions are aboriginal in the island, and are remains of the ancient Pagan creed *. Favour me with your opinion on this subject when you write next, which, as your letters are so extremely curious and fraught with entertainment, I beg may be soon. I remain, Sir, your very faithful servant,

THOMAS PERCY.

WELSH MUSIC.—No. VI.



To the EDITOR of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—“Breuddwyd y Frenhines,” or *The Queen's Dream*, is not so well known as it ought to be; the melody is very smooth and elegant, with a mixture of ancient and modern composition. The modulation at the 17th, and three following bars, (or measures), is peculiar to the Welsh airs: the bass of these four bars would answer for the commencement of *Ar hyd y nos*. The words run thus:—

“ I fondly in my bosom cherish'd
Thy vows, and thought they were sincere ;
But ah! my dearest hopes have perish'd,
For thou art false, as thou art fair!”

“Suo Gân,” or *The Lullaby Song*.—There are but four bars in this air;—but those are very plaintive and characteristic. This appears to be the universal *Hushaby* of the Welsh nurses, when they lull their infants to sleep; and certainly nothing can be more appropriate. It is very probable, that Storace took his *Lullaby*, in the “Pirates,” from this tune.

“Pen Rhaw,” or (literally translated) *The Spade Head*, is a beautiful air—and one of the tunes most adapted to the *Pennillion*. The harper of the Gwyneddigion Society performs variations on “Pen Rhaw” in a very masterly manner, some of which are peculiar to the Welsh harp, and consequently lose their effect when attempted on the piano-forte or pedal harp.—

* The allusions to these imaginary beings are numerous both in the works of the early bards and in other old writings, especially in the *Mabinogion*: but the names have no resemblance to fairies, or goblins. It is designed to enter hereafter into the investigation of this curious subject; in the mean time a few particulars will be found in a subsequent page of the present number.—ED.

The subject is alternately played in the treble and bass; and the unisons and responses are truly beautiful. The modulation of the four first bars of the second part is the same as before noticed in the *Queen's Dream*.—Nothing can be more pleasing than to hear a good singer chaunt this melody, whilst the minstrel performs variations on it.

“ Give me my harp, I ask no other boon,
Which I, in turn, to love and war attune;
Oh! may I never lose its soothing pow'r,
And be it near me in my dying hour*.”

“ Eryri Wen,” or *White Snowdon*.—This air is in a minor key, and not unlike *The noble Race of Shenkin*. It is to be regretted, that this tune is not more generally known; for the *Penillion*, that are sung to “ Pen Rhaw,” would answer to it, and the singer would have an opportunity of displaying his ingenuity, by resting a few bars, and, at the change of modulation, bursting upon the hearer with energy and spirit, that could not fail in producing considerable effect.

“ Toriad y Dydd,” *The Dawn of Day*, is one of the most pathetic, yet energetic, of the Welsh airs. It commences in B minor, and the second strain is in D, the relative major, for eight bars; then it returns, in a very scientific manner, to B minor. No composer, that ever wrote, could have surpassed this tune, which is an evident proof that our forefathers were well versed in the rules of harmony. The initiation song of the Gwyneddigion is to this tune, which is always sung, verse and chorus, when new members are admitted. The metre is very long:—the following is a specimen, written in 1809—

“ Altho' the noise of battle is heard around our isle,
Yet do we, happy people, in peace and plenty smile;
No ruffian bands assail us, no tyrants here bear sway,
But all, with pleasure, joy, and bliss, await the dawn of day.”

In my next I shall notice the ancient notation, and give a specimen of what was used in the eleventh century, with such observations as may be deemed necessary.

March 13, 1820.

JOHN PARRY.

* See Welsh Melodies, p. 56.—These lines bear some resemblance to the following passage in Horace.—Ed.

“ Frui paratis et valido mihi
Latee dones, et precor integrâ
Cum mente, nec turpem senectam
Degere, nec citharâ carentem.”—Lib. i. Od. 31.